

A Pardon

By HARRY VON AMBERG

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"You, boy! Come out o' that and help bring on the wood," so called the mate of a steamboat as the Mississippi to a pale faced boy lying in his bunk. It was at night, and the weather was stormy.

"I can't, I'm sick."

"You ain't got to work yer passage on this here boat sojourn there. Git up, I say, and carry your load."

The boy made a feeble attempt to rise, but failed. The mate seized a stick of wood and held it over the invalid.

"You git up or I'll brain you!"

Fear gave the boy additional strength, and he managed to pull himself out and stagger over the gang plank to a wood pile which the deck hands were transferring to the boat. He worked as best he could till the task was finished, then crawled back to his bunk and fell fainting in it.

This boy, Robert Stewart, was no poor that is to get from New Orleans to St. Louis he was obliged to work his passage on a steamboat. The mate was a powerful man, and the boy, who was ill with a fever, was completely at his mercy. What made the act still more brutal was that there were plenty of deck hands to do the work without calling out a sick boy. There was something diabolical in the mate's attitude that led him to this act of cruelty.

Years passed meanwhile. That sick boy was moving in one direction, while the mate who had tyrannized over him and had nearly cost him his life was moving in another. The one was rising, the other sinking. Schooled in adversity, Robert Stewart possessed that within him which enabled him to triumph over obstacles, the hardships he had endured furnishing a spur to send him onward and upward. Successful in his own affairs, the people trusted him with theirs. In time his name became known to every one in Missouri. He rose to be governor.

One day a man was brought to the governor from the penitentiary as an applicant for pardon. He was a large, powerful fellow, and the moment the governor looked at him he started. Then he scrutinized the criminal long and closely. Without speaking he turned to his desk, picked up the paper on which the man's pardon had been made out and wrote his name at the bottom of it. Before handing it to the prisoner he said to him:

"I fear it will be useless, perhaps wrong, for me to grant you this pardon."

The man stood stoically waiting to know the governor's reason.

"You will commit some other crime and be sent to the penitentiary again."

"No, governor; I promise you that I will not."

The governor looked doubtful. He was apparently turning something over in his mind. Finally he said:

"You will go back on to the river—as mate on a steamer, I suppose."

"Yes, governor; I'll go back to work at any position I can get."

"Well," the governor continued, "before I pardon you I wish you to make me a promise."

The man looked interested and waited. The chief magistrate was in no hurry. The issue of business awaiting his attention was forgotten in this pardon case. There must be something in it to move him so strangely. For a few minutes there was a faraway look in his eyes. He seemed to be picturing something. That it was a painful scene was evident from his expression. Then he turned to the criminal and said impressively:

"I wish you to pledge your word that when you go back to the river as mate on a steamboat you will never drive a sick boy from his bunk to load your boat on a stormy night."

The criminal looked at the governor in a vain attempt to understand why he imposed upon him such a singular condition. Then he made the required promise, asking at the same time for an explanation. Finally the governor gave it:

"One night many years ago you were mate of a steamboat running between New Orleans and St. Louis. On that boat was a sick boy with a fever. One night when the wind blew cold and the rain came down in torrents you drove that boy out of his bunk and forced him to carry wood."

"Now, there are two reasons why I don't wish you to do that again. The first is that I desire any boy you might so treat to escape your cruelty. Another time it might cost him his life. The second is that he might become governor of his state and you might commit another crime and come before him with an application for pardon."

The man stood looking at the governor, a faint glimmer of memory struggling in his brain. But with a life of so many brutal acts behind him it was hard for him to remember one which at the time he had considered of so little importance.

The governor handed him his pardon.

"I was that boy," he said. "That document is my revenge. But another time the governor's revenge might be of a different kind. The pardoning power is lodged in the chief magistrate alone, and another governor might see fit to refuse clemency. Go! Try to earn an honest living without brutality."

The criminal slunk away, but whether or not the lesson had any effect on him there is no available record.

The Long and Short of It.

Mr. Long—My wife manages to keep her boarders longer than you do.

Mr. Short—Oh, I don't know! She keeps them so thin that they look longer than they really are.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

GET AWAY WITH \$8,800

Two Bold Burglars Rob Illinois Bank

BIND AND GAG POLICEMAN

Blow Up Bank Building and Enter the Vaults Unmasked—Two Victims of Robbers Left in Building.

Chattanooga, Ill., Feb. 16.—Four bandits robbed the Citizens' National bank of \$8,800, practically all the money in the depository, in a daring and skillfully planned burglary.

After binding and gagging the night policeman and a baker, the only men in the street at the time, the robbers wrecked the bank building with nitroglycerine and then entered the money vault, again using the explosive.

Unmasked and flourishing revolvers, the burglars approached William Cahill, the night policeman, and commanded him to hold up his hands. They tied and gagged him and then dragged him to a garage near the Citizens' bank, where they left him. Nearby they found Albert Ferber, a baker, who had been attracted by the sounds of exploding feet and stood in the door of his bakery. They tied and gagged him also, and left him in the garage. After the bank had been wrecked and looted, the two helpless victims of the bandits were dragged into the almost demolished structure and left.

SCARED MONKEY BIT MRS. COCKRAN

Lively Time When Mrs. Meyer's Marmosets Escaped in Longworth Home.

Washington, Feb. 16.—Two escaped marmosets caused all kinds of excitement at the home of Representative Nicholas Longworth the other evening. It happened when the representative was absent, out at the Dayton harmony meeting in Ohio. While he was gone Mrs. Longworth, formerly Miss Alice Roosevelt, had as house guests Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Mr. and Mrs. Bourke Cockran of New York. The secretary of the navy and Mrs. Meyer were also present. Mrs. Meyer, who had lately been given a pair of marmosets, a variety of small monkey, brought them forth to show the guests. They got away and what happened may be better imagined than described. It was as if a dozen of white mice had made their escape. It was only after heroic work on the part of the servants that the animals were recaptured and order restored.

It was said Mrs. Cockran had been bitten in the arm, but somebody denied that she was hurt.

SWOPE'S NURSE TESTIFIES.

She Is First Witness Called by the Grand Jury.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 16.—Miss Pearl Keller, the nurse who gave the most important testimony at the inquest into the death of Colonel Thomas H. Swope, was the first witness called yesterday by the special grand jury that is investigating the case. The testimony of Dr. Frank Hall, a bacteriologist, who assisted at the autopsy on Colonel Swope's body, given Monday in a deposition in the office of Frank P. Walsh, had added a new element of doubt to the Swope mystery. Dr. Hall testified Monday that from his observations at the autopsy he believed the death of Colonel Swope might have resulted from cerebral hemorrhage, uraemic poisoning or congestion of the spinal cord. At the inquest he testified that the brain and vital organs of Colonel Swope were practically normal.

The taking of depositions in the civil suit brought by Dr. Hyde against John C. Paxton continued in the office of Mr. Walsh yesterday. The proceedings were interrupted for a time while the circuit court heard arguments on a motion filed by Mr. Walsh to compel Mr. Paxton to exhibit letters he received from Dr. Hokeen of Chicago and make their contents a part of his deposition.

QUAKE IN ITALY.

Violent Shock Terrifies People of Potenza.

Rome, Feb. 16.—There was a violent shock of earthquake at Potenza at 4 o'clock yesterday morning. No damage was done, but the people were terrified and rushed out of their houses into the streets.

R&G
CORSETS

Add Distinction to any costume.

NOT AN INCH OF HEALTHY SKIN

Left on Whole Body—Boy of Five a Mass of Itching Eruption and His Screams were Heart-Breaking—Bandages Stuck to His Flesh.

CURED BY CUTICURA TWELVE YEARS AGO

"My little son, a boy of five, broke out with an itching rash. Three doctors prescribed for him, but he kept getting worse. At last I was induced to try Cuticura on him on bandages, as it was impossible to touch him with the bare hand. There was not one square inch of skin on his whole body that was not affected. He was a mass of sores. The bandages used to stick to his skin and in removing them I used to take the skin off with them, and screams from the poor child were heart-breaking. I began to think that he would never get well, but after the second application of Cuticura Ointment I began to see signs of improvement, and with the third and fourth applications the sores commenced to dry up. His skin peeled off in two or three days, and finally yielded to the treatment. Now I can say that he is entirely cured, and a stronger and healthier boy you never saw than he is to-day, twelve years more since the cure was made. Robert Wattam, 1148 Forty-eighth St., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 9, 1909."



Millions of women prefer Cuticura Soap to all other soaps for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair and nails. For rash, itching and chafing, red, rough hands, dry skin and falling hair, for infantile eruptions and skin blemishes and every purpose of the toilet, bath and nursery, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are invaluable.

Cuticura Soap (25c), Cuticura Ointment (50c) and Cuticura Remedies (50c) are the best of all skin treatments. They are sold everywhere. Write for a free trial. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold everywhere. Write for a free trial. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold everywhere. Write for a free trial.

MAGAZINE REVIEW

When Candy Is Good for a Child.

The average, healthy child of ten or twelve should be able to eat of pure candy the equivalent in weight of two or three lumps of sugar after his midday meal. This, however, should not be given him unless other proper foods, in sufficient quantity, are eaten, and should never be allowed between meals. Butter-taffy and molasses-candy, made at home of pure materials, are especially to be recommended, and may be considered articles of food.—Jean Williams, M. D., in Woman's Home Companion for February.

Unbelievable Atrocities in Mexico.

Unbelievable atrocities are what Herman Whitaker tells about in the February American Magazine. He has recently spent several months among the rubber plantations of Mexico, and he writes of what he there and of some of the terrible things that occurred before his eyes. The following is an instance:

"One one occasion I saw a man sent out to work who was actually within a few days of his death. Having acquired some medical reputation by a successful operation on a man who had been thrust through the throat with a machete, the planter often asked me to look over their sick and when, one day, I diagnosed this particular case as incurable, I was astonished to hear the planter issue the following order: 'Take him out to the field and get out the last that's in him.' The sequel, too, is unbelievable. 'Prodded' along with machetes, while still he gained the field, the poor fellow fell down and as he lay, completely exhausted, the cabal beat him to death—an act which might be equalled, but could hardly be surpassed in the Valle Nacional itself where, if a man dropped exhausted in the tobacco fields, he was simply taken up and thrown into the river."

Despite Protection Our Sheep Decrease.

We raised last year 311,000,000 pounds of grease wool—that is, wool that contains all the animal grease and all the dirt that clings to the fibers—on some fifty million sheep. These are impressive figures. But the appalling loss of them when we know that this wool, if distributed among our ninety millions, would make only about a pound of clothing for every person in the country.

To the fact that our own sheep industry furnishes us barely enough wool to make two sleeves and a trouser leg of cloth apiece, with nothing left over for blankets or blankets, may be added the fact that there is less than two-thirds of a sheep for every person in the country. This two-thirds of a sheep is costing every one of us a surprising amount for his support. If what we pay because of the tariff that protects our two-thirds of a sheep could be translated into terms of the cost of raising him, we might say about him as about the bull that has tossed in over a stone wall: "He ought to be killed and eat."

The sheep-raising industry itself shows other signs of weakness from within. It was said by Senator Warren of Wyoming, who spoke for the wool growers in the recent tariff debates in Congress, that during the operation of the free-wool provisions of the Wilson act of 1904, the number of sheep in the United States fell off nearly one-third. By the end of ten years of the present protection, the total increase in the number is less than 12,000,000. Since 1903, the total has fallen off by 10,000,000. So, in spite of the fact that an American with a family of four pays only \$2.60 a year additional a year for suits on account of the wool tariff, in statement made by an ardent defender of the present tariff in the hearings, the two-thirds of a sheep which each is helping to support by that payment does not seem to increase a great deal—even to the point where we have one whole sheep apiece! The tax is a heavy one, and may be falling in its purpose.—Richard Washburn Child, in Everybody's.

GOLD MEDAL FOR PEARY

New House Bill Means for Pole Discoverer

RANK AND PAY OF CAPTAIN

This May Not End the Fight—The Senate, It Is Said, May Insist on Rear Admiral's Rank.

Washington, Feb. 16.—Commander Robert E. Peary, discoverer of the north pole, is to receive a gold medal and the thanks of Congress, according to a bill introduced yesterday by Representative Butler of Pennsylvania, chairman of the sub-committee of the House committee on naval affairs, which several days ago reported adversely on the Allen bill to make the explorer a rear admiral, retired.

The thanks of Congress will carry with it ten constructive years more of active service, and will give Peary the rank and pay of a captain—one grade above commodore.

Peary's friends feel that he should be made a rear admiral, but they are pleased that some form of government appreciation is likely to be accorded him.

The introduction of this new bill followed a meeting of the full committee on naval affairs yesterday morning, at which the report of the sub-committee, turning down the Allen bill, was not accepted. It was referred back to the sub-committee, with the understanding that a substitute bill would be framed to accord Peary some sort of recognition.

This action was taken after a sharp discussion, in which Representatives Foss, Dawson and Hobson insisted that it would be unjust to give no recognition to the discoverer of the north pole. The sentiment of the full committee was so pronounced that Representative Butler, chairman of the sub-committee, himself made the motion to refer the matter back—which was unanimously adopted. Mr. Butler at that time had his substitute bill in his pocket.

The discussion in committee yesterday was sharp and decidedly animated, with Chairman Foss and Representative Dawson in the lead. Mr. Foss took the position that a cold turning down to Peary was not just. He commended moderation and no ill-considered or hasty action.

Representative Dawson, as well as Mr. Foss, set before the committee the fact that Melville had been promoted seven times, on an entire grade, for his achievements. He told in detail what was done in the Melville case and read the naval committee reports on this matter. Mr. Dawson is a member of the sub-committee on private bills, but was absent when his action was taken. His position was that the sub-committee, if it felt that Peary ought not to be made a rear admiral, should have provided for some form of recognition and prepared a substitute bill.

It is supposed that if Peary be given the thanks of Congress he will shortly retire, as the addition of ten years would nearly round out forty years of active service, when he could ask for retirement and be entitled to it.

It is possible that the Senate will insist that he be advanced in rank to rear admiral.

200 DROWNED.

Two Ships Wrecked in Storm in Persian Gulf.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 16.—A despatch from Teheran to the Times says that two steamships, one a passenger boat and the other a freight carrier from Bushire to a port on the Persian Gulf, have been wrecked in a great storm.

Two hundred lives were lost. The names of the vessels are not given. The drowned include passengers and members of the crews of the two boats.

Dr. Pierce's Health Talks

The miracle of motherhood is often overshadowed by the misery of motherhood. The great functional changes which are incident to child bearing leave their mark for life on many a mother. Some women offer up their lives as a sacrifice on the altar of motherhood. A far greater number live on in ceaseless misery. Their strength fails, their beauty fades, they have no ambition and no enjoyment in life. To every woman

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Offers escape from the pains and perils of motherhood. Taken during the period of waiting and anticipation this medicine strengthens the body, nourishes the nerves, and prepares the whole womanly system for the coming of baby. It also insures an abundant supply of nourishment for the child.

The mind feels bright and buoyant. There is no anxiety, no dread, but in its place a happy anticipation of the baby's coming, which counts for the future happiness of the child unborn. The use of "Favorite Prescription" makes the baby's advent easy, and gives abundant vitality to nursing mothers.

There is no alcohol or habit-forming drugs in "Favorite Prescription." It is a purely vegetable medicine.

Accept no substitute for "Favorite Prescription." There is nothing "just as good" for weak and sickly women. All its ingredients printed on its bottle-wrapper.

The larger success of doctor or druggist is never won by putting love for the dollar above duty to the sick. Protecting the sick, giving them what they ask for when Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is called for, will enrich him in respect, if it does not swell to the utmost his profits.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG, SICK WOMEN WELL.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Ribbon Sandwiches.

Cut five slices of white bread about half an inch thick and spread each with softened sweet butter before slicing it from the loaf. Trim off the crust from the slices and shape the slices into squares of even size, about three by three inches.

Lay each slice, buttered side up, upon a pastry board. Spread the first one with cream cheese rubbed smooth with minced parsley and dill, the latter previously sprinkled very slightly with lemon juice; cover the next slice with a thin layer of smoked tongue freed from skin and gristle; strew the third with sliced yolk of a hard egg seasoned with salt, pepper and a bit of dry mustard; and put a layer of smoked salmon or of rosy ham on the fourth slice.

File the slices one upon the other evenly and in the order mentioned and top them with the fifth slice laid with the buttered side downward. Wrap carefully in a cheesecloth binder which has been slightly dampened and weight with a book for an hour or so.

When ready to serve remove the cheesecloth and divide the little brick into thin slices, cutting downward with a keen edged carving knife. The result will be squares formed of half inch strips of bread pressed together and crossed by lines of green, red, yellow and pink. The same effect can be obtained by using brown and white bread with cream cheese.

Pot Roast.

A piece of nice beef either cut in pieces or left in a piece. Fry out meat; put in the beef and brown; add an onion if desired after browning; pour in a pint of boiling water, cover and let cook slowly until tender; add more water, if needed, about thirty minutes before serving; have three large tomatoes skinned, cut in pieces and thrown in. If the water is pretty well cooked down and the tomatoes can cook in the fat it is better. When done add water and make gravy.

Prune Salad.

Wash, soak and cook a pound of large prunes until tender. Do not sweeten. When cold pit and fill the cavity with almonds or English walnuts. Make two lettuce cups, either curving whole lettuce leaves into nests or shred the lettuce and curl into cups. In each of these cups or nests put three or four of the stuffed prunes, cover with mayonnaise made with lemon juice and serve on individual plates.

Milk Pail Holder.

Two New York men are the inventors of the milk pail holder herewith shown. The holder consists of a cross-bar in two sections, which are adjust-



HOLDS PAIL SECURELY.

able relatively to each other and can be made to fit any pail. When the bar is joined the bent section encircles the rim of the pail and does not get in the way of the streams of milk, while clamp and hooks hold the receptacle to it. The milkman or milkmaid holds the pail between his or her knees, the crossbar bearing the weight, and is able to give all attention to the milking.

Patching With Machine.

Place two thicknesses of newspaper upon machine, put patch over that, then lay hole over patch; stitch around twice, one-quarter inch apart; remove paper, trim patch on one side and hole on the other close to stitching. When

Answer This Question

When thousands of women say that they have been cured of their ailments by a certain remedy, does this not prove the merit of that remedy?

Thousands of women have written the story of their suffering, and have told how they were freed from it by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—for thirty years these reports have been published all over America.

Without great merit this medicine could never have gained the largest sale of any remedy for woman's ills—never could have become known and prized in nearly every country in the world.

Can any woman let prejudice stand between her and that which will restore her health? If you believe those who have tried it you know this medicine *does* cure.

Read this letter from a grateful woman, then make up your mind to give Mrs. Pinkham's medicine a chance to cure you.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—"I am a firm believer in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was a great sufferer from organic female troubles for years, and almost despaired of ever being well again. I had bearing-down pains, backache, headache and pains in my abdomen, and tried Mrs. Pinkham's Compound as a last resort. The result was astonishing, and I have used it and advocated it ever since. It is a great boon to expectant mothers. I have often said that I should like to have its merits thrown on the sky with a search-light so that women would read and be convinced that there is a remedy for their sufferings. 'My husband joins me in his praise. He has used it for kidney trouble and been entirely cured.'—Mrs. E. A. Bishop, 1915 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



turning corners lift foot, leaving needle in the work, and turn the paper; the rest will follow without a wrinkle.

To Cool the Oven.

Do not open the door of the oven to cool it, especially if there is anything already cooking in it, as the rush of cold air is apt to render it unappetizing, but place in it a pan of cold water, leaving the door closed. It will quickly lower the temperature, and the steam arising from it will prevent the food from burning.

French Mustard.

Steep two or three onions (sliced) in a pint of vinegar for two days, then strain and add to the vinegar one teaspoonful of pepper, one and a half teaspoonfuls of salt, one tablespoonful of brown sugar and enough mustard to make it into a thick, creamy paste. Mix well until quite smooth, then boil for twenty minutes.

Salmon Salad.

Remove all bones and skin from a can of salmon and put through a meat chopper with one head of celery and a small bottle of olives stuffed with red peppers. Mix with salad dressing and serve on lettuce leaves.

Looks the Other Way Now.

He was charitably inclined and every night for more than a week he replied the old man whom he met standing in the doorway of a downtown office building. The first night it was very cold, so he asked the old man if he wouldn't like a drink to warm him up. They had their drinks, and the charitably inclined person gave the old man 50 cents to buy a night's lodging. The old man thanked him heartily.

Last week the charitable chap gave the old man an overcoat and told him

if he needed help to come around to his Wall street office. Finally the benefactor asked the old man who he was. Why didn't he get a job?

"Oh, I'm the night watchman in this building," was the reply. "I stand outside to get the fresh air."

Now when the charitable person meets the old man he ignores him.—New York Sun.

A committee of German aviators has figured that it would cost \$100,000 to build a dirigible balloon big enough to carry eighteen passengers in addition to its crew and \$375 a day to operate it.

New York tradesmen find that extremes meet when they have their greatest trouble in collecting money from customers who have no money and from customers who have the most money.

North Queensland diocese has an area of 130,000 square miles and a population of 120,000, but only fifteen clergymen, said the bishop of London in a missionary appeal at the church house, Westminster.

At twenty-one Alexander stood at the head of his army on the plains of Thessaly. Wilberforce entered parliament and Tasso began his immortal poem, "Jerusalem Delivered," which took ten years to complete.

China's ministry of the interior has decided on the period from the seventh to the sixteenth year as the age of minority and study and has decreed that from the sixteenth to the fortieth year shall be the age of manhood for Chinese people.

In the antarctic regions Lieutenant Shackleton discovered rotifers, or wheel animals, in a temperature of 50 to 60 degrees below zero. They were brought home and subjected to a temperature of 200 degrees F. and are still alive and producing families.

